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Lillie Pozer Dec 28 99

The Eskimo Bulletin.

THE CAPE PRINCE OF WALES YEARLY.

These three young men are the compositors of 'The Eskimo Bulletin,' the newspaper published at the American Mission Station, and of which Mr. Popp is editor. Their names are Ad-loo-at, Ke-ok and I-ya-tung-uk. Adlooat is the one in the centre, and is, I suppose, the foreman, a fine-looking fellow. The paper has four pages, seven by ten inches in size. It is not a daily, it is a yearly—said to be 'the only yearly in the world.' The (July) 1897 issue of this remarkable paper accompanies the photograph, and I quote a few local items.

The squirrel crop was a failure.

Pikuenna shot a white bear in Jan.

Ne-ak-pook caught eleven seals in one night, with nets placed under the ice.

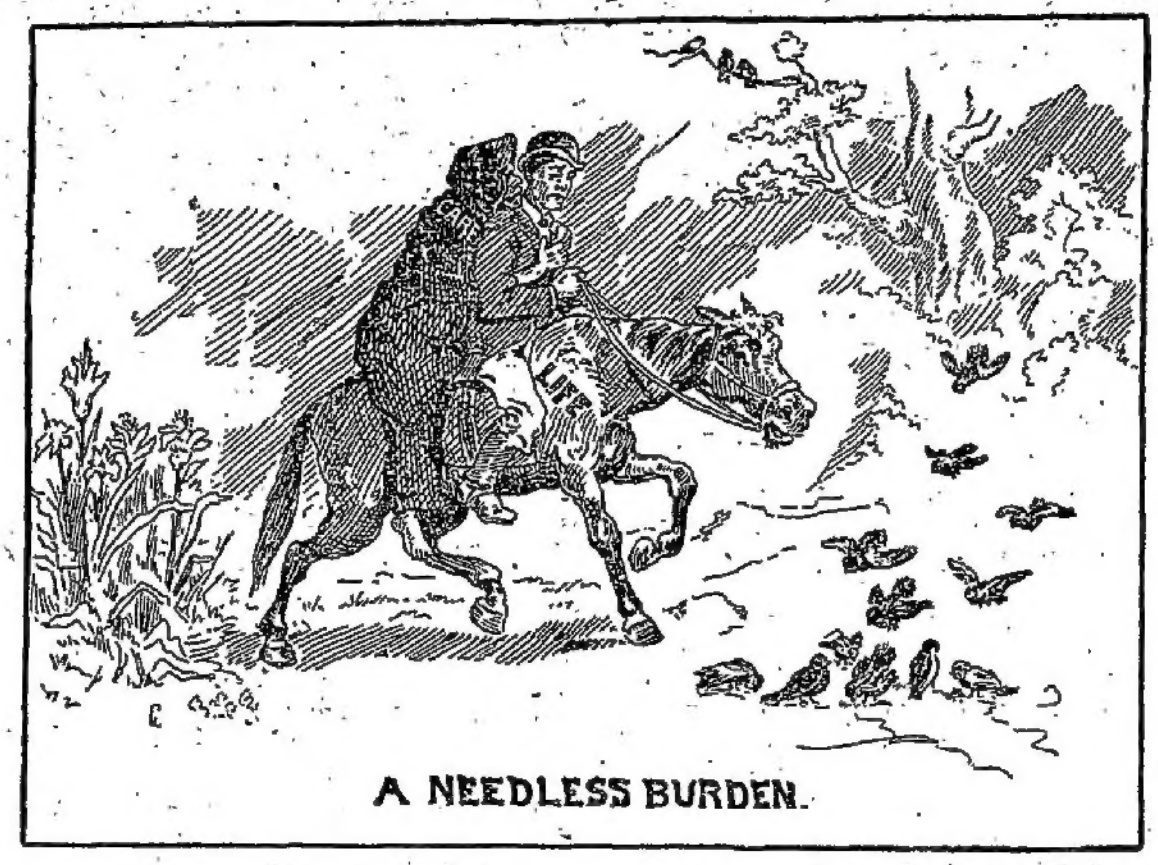
The 'Narwhal' tied up to the ice here on May 24, and gave us the news that McKinley was elected.

W. T. Lopp and Kivyearzruk drove two deer sleds down through the mountains in Jan., visiting the station and herd.

That means the reindeer station at the Cape, where, says the paper, 'the mission herd of domestic reindeer has increased from 115 to 360.' They are under the care of our Eskimo herders, all of whom are Christians.'

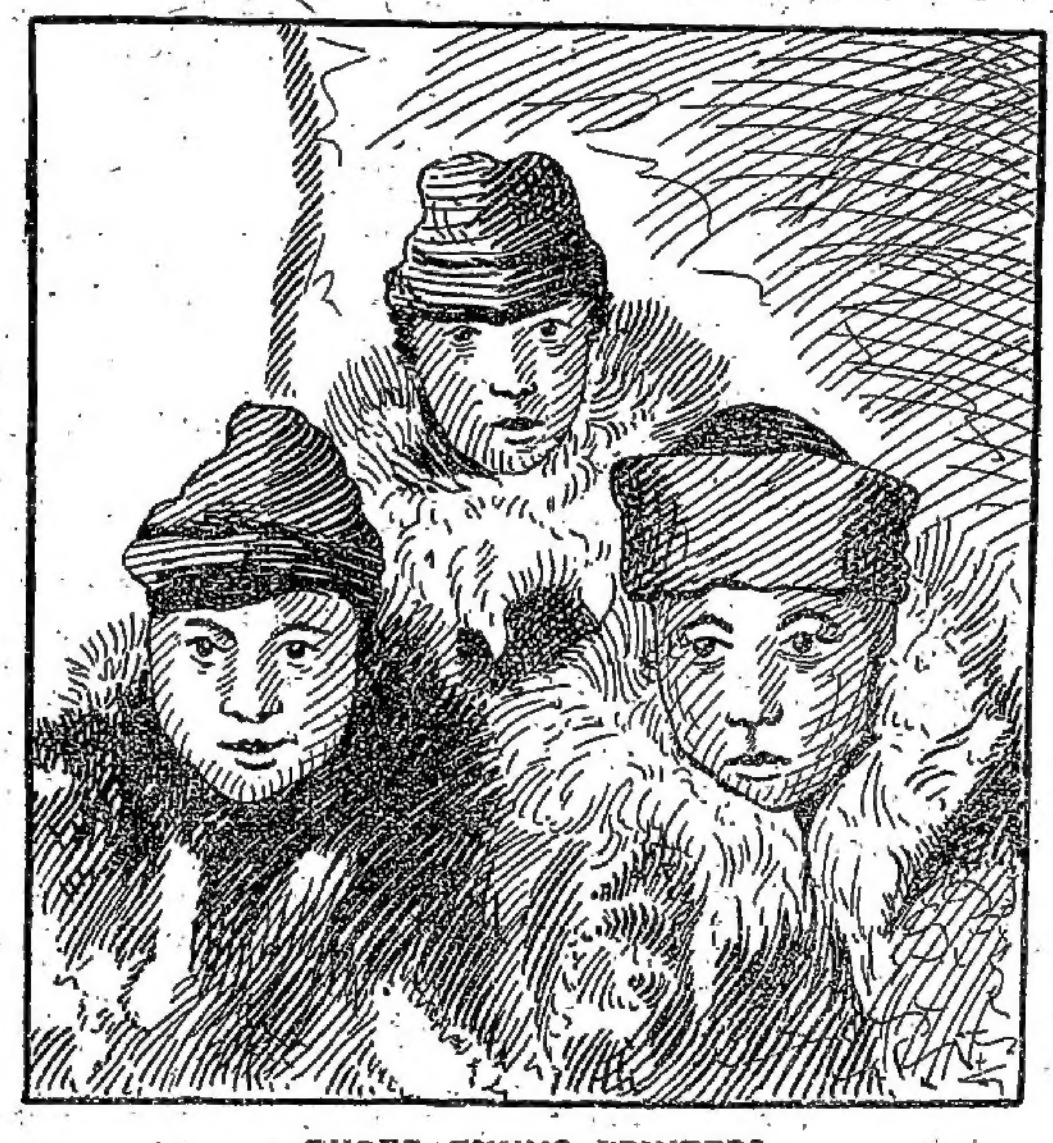
The paper shows a reindeer team, and the editor says:

'It is an exhilarating pleasure to drive a team of fleet-footed deer. They trot along at the rate of four to eight miles per hour. Often when travelling at a great speed they skim their noses over the surface of the snow and scoop up a mouthful, reminding one of a locomotive taking water when at full speed.'—The Rev. C. C. Carpenter in 'Congregationalist.'



A NEEDLESS BURDEN.

—'Ram's Horn.'



THREE ESKIMO PRINTERS

A Pastor's Emergency.

It was on a Sunday evening in the summer of 1895 that the Rev. W. D. Couch went into his pulpit in Lennox Road Church, Brooklyn, having prepared a sermon specially for the help of some backsliders in the community, who had promised him to be present. It was a warm evening, and rainy. As often happens in the experience of an earnest minister, the persons expected did not come. He lingered as long as he could, feeling that his sermon was not at all adapted for the audience. He knew not what to do. He lifted his voice to God and said, 'Help me.' A text that he had used a long time before came to his mind, and opened before his vision with great clearness. Turning to the leader of the choir, he said, 'I shall be glad to change the hymns.' That functionary replied, 'Give us something familiar.' Mr. Couch said, 'We'll sing "Just as I am" and "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

Immediately afterward he arose, and announced Charlotte Elliott's hymn,

'Just as I am, without one plea.'

The church windows were open. A young lawyer, the son of a minister, was lying in his room in the second house from the church, the windows of his room open also. He was listening to every word of the hymn. The minister did not know at the time that they had sung the same hymn at the Epworth League Meeting, in the room below, a few minutes before.

The next morning Mr. Couch received a note from the lawyer, saying, 'I desire to see you as early as ten o'clock on Tuesday morning. Do not fail to be here at that time. I believe that I have something important to tell you.' At the hour appointed the next morning the pastor was in his room. The young man met him with outstretched hand, and with streaming eyes and a voice full of emotion said, 'I want to tell

you that I have found Jesus Christ to be the Saviour of my soul.' He then said, 'Let me tell you how it came about. Sunday night I was lying here thinking of the past, and the future, reflecting on my father's teachings and my mother's prayers, and I wished that it were possible for me to be a Christian. But I felt that I had sinned against too great light; I had resisted the best influences until it was too late. At that moment in the young people's meeting they began singing,

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!'

and I said, "Does he bid me come now? No; it cannot be. I remember when he did, but I have resisted the best influences for good too long. How I wish I might come!" And while struggling with my thoughts, you opened the meeting in the audience room with

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,—

and when you had got that far, I said, "What does that mean? Does he bid me come to him after all? It must be so."

'I had a sleepless night. In the morning he appeared. My room was filled with light, my soul with joy. I knew he saved me, but I thought I would wait until the next day before telling you, that I might be certain that it was not emotion only. But now I know that I am his. Won't my father and mother be glad?'

He at once expressed his desire to unite with the church. As the pastor knelt to give thanks unto God, his own face was wet with tears, and he cried out, 'Was it accidental or providential?' The young lawyer replied, 'God was leading you all, and when you announced your text: "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," I said, "My brother would save me if he could. Jesus is more willing;" and I have found it so.'—'Christian Herald.'

Unlooked For Answers.

(John Newton.)

I asked the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace,
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face:

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that, in some favored hour,
At once He'd answer my request,
And, by His love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more, with His own hand, He seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

'Lord! why is this?' I trembling cried,
'Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?'
'Tis in this way,' the Lord replied,
'I answer prayer for grace and faith.

'These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest seek thine all in Me.'

John McNeil, Conversion.

('Christian Herald.')

I never was bothered with self-righteousness. God always made me honest enough to know the blackness of my heart, and that if my sin had not hatched out, the eggs were all there. Fortunately, I was a teetotaler. Teetotalism is not salvation, but it often holds till Christ comes. It kept me from setting myself on fire in certain directions till grace came.

I was big enough and old enough to do what we call in Scotland 'join the church,' but I knew I had not the great qualification for joining the church.' I knew my father and mother wished me to join, but I was not going to the Lord's table simply to please them. In my perplexity I wrote to my minister. I put it like this. There is a text—Acts xvi., 31. I put that text in my letter. I said: 'I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, all about Jesus, and all the bible says of sin and salvation and heaven and hell. I believe it all, but I don't feel one bit the better. There is something wrong.' And I sent the letter away. Two or three days afterwards I was just going to throw up the booking-office window to sell the tickets for the 10.30 sugar-brokers' train to Glasgow, when I saw the postman coming round, and he gave me a letter, and I saw the postmark, and I knew my minister's handwriting. I will never forget reading that letter. Dear old man! I helped to bury him afterwards. The letter read: 'You will never know, unless you should become a minister yourself, how glad I am to get a frank, open honest letter from you about your spiritual condition, even although evidently you are all in the dark. I am glad you have taken Acts xvi., 31, as a challenge text. It says "Believe"—in your heart, of course, as you believe in your mother, your wife; for it is faith not in a proposition of Euclid, but believe, have full confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. But, John, you say you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, yet you don't feel a bit better for it. Now, I want to know which I am to believe about you? Am I to believe yourself saying, "I don't feel a bit the better," or am I to believe God uttering his verdict on you in the Word that can never lie, God saying that the man who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ is, and shall be, eternally saved?'

I was checking all God's Word by my feelings, and reducing all God's Word, no matter what it said, to the level of my feelings, and I did not see that that was no faith at all. And the minister clenched it when he said, 'John, you would quote the text Acts xvi., 31, as if it read, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will feel easier," instead of "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." God says it. Never mind your feelings.'

It was like the lifting of a curtain for me, and I saw the whole spiritual regions stand in an outline bold and clear. No great feeling even then. It was a case of seeing. What the eyes are to the body, faith is to the soul. I was saved. I didn't shout. I took a walk in the station, along to the far end of the platform. I remember that morning saying to myself, 'Has the station been whitewashed?' The very dingy brick wall, all covered over with smoke and soot from the engines, looked whiter. It was not the walls—it was my mind that was brightened, because now, in the Scriptural sense, I knew the Lord as mine. I came back and sold the tickets, and didn't say anything. And the next morning I woke up, and my heart was just like a fire you had left burning overnight, and I was as cold as could be. The devil said, 'It's all a hoax.' But I got grace to fight that battle. The minister said I was not to consult my feelings, and I rallied myself. 'Has God's Word altered through the night?' 'No.' 'Has Acts xvi., 31, altered?' 'No.' 'Has the value of the blood of Jesus to blot out my sins altered?' 'No.' Then nothing had altered that I was resting on—nothing but my feelings. And you don't need to rest on your feelings. You are saved by trusting in Christ.

'Being Dead, Yet Speaketh.'

Like some tired traveller, the summer sun
Was hasting to his rest,
Behind the misty crest
Of hills that claimed him, now his work was done.

Bathed in the beauty of the mellow light
The village churchyard lay,
And many a gravestone grey
Shone out, transfigured fair—all golden-bright.

And holy texts, grown dim with ruinous time,
Flashed sharp and clear, and plain;
Truths brought to life again—
Strong in their resurrection—and sublime.

Two maidens stood beside the simple stone
Of one who fell on sleep
So dreamless and so deep—
And left them motherless, and quite alone.

'She sweetly sleeps—all care and sorrow o'er,'
They whispered soft and low.
'Our Father willed it so;
'Twas He who called her to a happier shore.

'Sleep on, dear mother, then, and take thy rest:
Thy deeds do follow thee—
Thy love and charity;
Thy children too rise up to call thee blest.

'We cast our thoughts across the lapse of years;
Would that we could but say
That never, night or day,
We caused thee grief of heart, or anxious tears.

'Alas! the hasty act, the word unkind,
Is past—is done and said;
And none may tell the dead
That we no longer are such "fools and blind;"

'But see the wisdom and the mother-love
That God Himself had given,
And now takes home to heaven,
Made purer still for that pure life above.

"She being dead, yet speaketh"; for her life
Lives in our memory,
And is a golden key
To open doors of peace, midst scenes of strife.'

So spoke the mourners; and the sun went down,
Leaving a ruddy light
That made the cloudland bright,
And touched the hill-tops with a ruby crown.

Then to my heart I said, 'Oh, heart of mine,
Let it be all our care
That still in death's cold night, our light shall shine.'

Then said my heart to me—'Yea, this can be,
If all thou do and make,
And all thou give and take,
Is for Christ Jesu's sake, who loveth thee.'

—'Family Friend.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Chris's Copy.

(By K. E. V. in 'The Boy's Sunday Monthly.')

A great steamer was about to start from one of the London docks; there was the usual bustle attendant on such an occasion, with the usual groups of sad-eyed people coming to see the last of beloved travellers, while farewell words, spoken brokenly amid the noise and confusion, were perhaps none the less effective.

One boy of about fifteen was standing beside a gentleman, who was speaking to him earnestly: 'Humphrey, I do trust it is for the best, though it is too late to alter now; remember Chris is in your charge, and we depend on you to look after him.'

'I'll try, father.'

'And I trust you, my boy, though just now I cannot help feeling anxious. You know your uncle William thought I ought to have left you both in his charge; it rests a good deal with you as to whether he proves to be right.'

Humphrey's lip curled a little. 'We didn't want to be left to him.'

'I know; but think, Humphrey, what a charge it is. You are seven years older than Chris and it lies in your power to lead him right or wrong; but, as I said before, we are trusting him to you. Don't forget that if it is necessary you are to go to your uncle for advice and help; perhaps he may not quite understand boys, but he is a thoroughly good man, and would help you.'

'No, father,' said Humphrey; but he thought it would take a good deal to send him to Uncle William.

'You will be happy at school, I believe. I have heard nothing but good of Mr. Trevor. Chris is full young, but we didn't wish you to be separated, and, Humphrey, you will give him back to us safe?'

Humphrey looked across to where his little brother stood beside their mother. 'I'll do my very best, father.'

'Perhaps you think I am saying little enough about your own conduct, but in helping to keep Chris right you will keep yourself. He has been kept from learning wrong so far, and, I say it with all meaning, we would rather hear that our little son was lying in his grave than that he should be led astray.'

'Father, you frighten me!' exclaimed Humphrey.

'I don't want to do that, and yet perhaps I do; but we must go on board. God bless and help you, my own dear boy.'

One kiss, and a fierce grip of hands, then Humphrey turned to his mother. She was trying to keep up, but speech was gone, and it was a wordless farewell that she gave. He watched them on board, and a cold little hand stole into his, and so standing the brothers waved their farewells.

They felt very desolate when the great ship had gone, and they had to turn away alone. Chris was crying, and Humphrey's throat felt very strange and choked, but he tried to comfort his brother.

'This time next year they will be home,' he said, trying to speak cheerfully; 'let's think of it that way.'

But at eight years old a year seems almost endless, and Chris was not to be comforted.

'We'll go into a tuck shop,' Humphrey said next, 'you didn't have much breakfast, Chris, then we had better go to school. I think Mr. Trevor will be nice'

'But it isn't like going home,' said poor little Chris.

'It does seem funny for us to be going away to school like this,' said Humphrey, 'yet it was much best to stay with father and mother till the last.'

The boys were going to a school a few miles out of London; all their things had been sent on, and they were to go by themselves.

Chris found the omnibus and train journey rather exciting, though he sobered down when their station was reached, and crept close to his brother. Humphrey felt nervous—this was his first boarding-school—but Chris must not know that he was not quite comfortable.

A porter came to them. 'For Hill House?' he inquired. 'You will find a trap outside; I'll see to the luggage.'

'Well, boys,' said a pleasant voice as they reached the gate, 'so you are my new pupils; jump in, we'll get acquainted as we go along.'

Mr. Trevor was not at all Humphrey's idea of a head-master. He was fair, and rather boyish-looking, with merry blue eyes that had a great sense of fun in them. Yet they were eyes that could look very stern and indignant, and the boy who had them thus turned on him was not likely to forget it quickly.

Chris straightway fell in love with his master, and when the boys went upstairs to the bedroom which they were to keep to themselves if possible, the little boy's tongue chattered incessantly, and he talked of writing to tell mother how very nice Mr. Trevor was.

'Wait and see,' advised Humphrey, whose spirits went down as his brother's rose; 'we haven't seen him in school yet.

'But he must be nice there too,' protested Chris; 'I'm quite glad we've come to school.'

'Glad father and mother have gone away?' said Humphrey, rather teasingly; but his

'REMEMBER, CHRIS IS IN YOUR CHARGE.'

little brother's reproachful look made him hasten to reassure him.

Mr. Trevor proved as nice in school as he was out; not that anyone could take liberties with him, that was impossible, even during playtime, but he never seemed to forget that he had been a boy himself, and so could enter into the feelings of one. There were only twenty boarders, but there were a good many day-boys, who dined in the hall, and often stayed in the playing-field after school-hours.

Rather to his surprise, Humphrey found he was likely to be very happy in the new life, and sometimes he reproached himself a little that he did not miss his parents more; they had foreseen how it would be, and that was one reason why they had decided to send their sons to school. With outdoor walks and games, and indoor work, the boys' time was so much taken up that sometimes they found it hard to write the long, regular letters they had promised to send.

One Saturday there was to take place a long-promised struggle between boarders and day-boys. Mr. Trevor and some of the other masters had arranged matters, and the day was looked forward to with intense excitement. Even the small boys, who were to take very unimportant parts, shared the excitement, and ran about flaunting their rosettes in the faces of the opposing faction.

'Armitage,' Mr. Trevor called to Humphrey on Friday evening, 'I have just had a letter from your uncle, who wishes you and your brother to spend to-morrow with him.'

Humphrey looked imploring, and Chris, who was standing by, was ready to cry, 'Oh, sir, not to-morrow!'

'He does not speak of any other day; yet I know how much you want to be here, and, if you think your father will not mind, I will write.'

'Oh, thank you, sir!' cried Humphrey; 'I am sure they couldn't mind.'

Yet he felt a little uncomfortable, and, though Chris brightened up, he asked, when they were outside, 'Do you think father and mother would mind?'

'Of course not,' Humphrey answered, but he was glad to be called off by Herbert Fanshaw, one of the day-boys, with whom he had struck up a friendship.

The boys did not hear what their uncle thought of their refusal to go to him, and they did not get another invitation. The battle on Saturday resulted in a rather inglorious victory for the boarders, and Humphrey did not enjoy it as much as he expected; while Chris cried over a big bruise he had received, and did not find his brother very comforting.

Careful as Mr. Trevor was over his boys, he could not keep them altogether from bad companions. The boarders being so much under his eye, he could know them very well, and they were, for the most part, trustworthy and honorable. But with the day-boys it was different; they brought in a fresh element. Many of them had not wise homes, and caused the head-master much anxiety; but he did not know how much cause he had to be anxious.

It was surprising that Humphrey should strike up the friendship he did with Herbert Fanshaw, who was one of the most unsatisfactory of the day-boys; but at first he had thought him rather oppressed by the others, and did not see that Fanshaw himself was responsible for his own unpopularity. The others had learnt that they could not trust him, and despised him accordingly.

Chris, of course, made his own friends among the younger boys, and the brothers were drifting a little apart. When Humphrey went up to bed, Chris was often asleep, and somehow they got out of the way of having those nice little talks which had helped them both.

'Humphie,' Chris said one night, as his brother came in, 'I've waited awake; do let's say our prayers together.'

'You shouldn't have waited. You'll be asleep before I'm ready; you'd better say them now.'

So Chris got out of bed and said them, while Humphrey did not feel very comfortable, yet he could not go and kneel beside the little fellow as he remembered certain words that were beginning to slip out so easily when he was with Fanshaw. Chris made up his mind he would ask the same thing twice more, then, if Humphrey refused, he would never ask him again; and Humphrey, who of course did not know what was in his brother's mind, made some excuse each time.

Mr. Trevor began to be vaguely disappointed in the two brothers. Humphrey did not get on with his work as he should, and consorted most with the less satisfactory

HE FOUND CHRIS CRYING BITTERLY.

boys. Chris he felt he did not know so well, but the two had got out of the way of being always together, which he felt to be rather a bad sign.

One evening, when Humphrey went up to bed he found Chris crying bitterly, and at first could get no answer to his question.

'I've to go up to-morrow,' he sobbed at last.

Humphrey gave a low whistle of dismay; for to be sent to the head-master for punishment denoted a serious offence, and it was very seldom the younger boys were sent up, being usually dealt with by their own form-master. 'Oh, I say!' he ejaculated. 'What have you been doing?'

But Chris only sobbed, and Humphrey tried to comfort him, and get at the rights of it. 'The head-master is coming back to-morrow morning. Look here, Chris, plead first offence, and he'll let you off; I know he hates to have any of your form up.'

'It's no good,' cried Chris; 'old Harford said he hoped I should get it hot. He won't let me get off, I know.'

Humphrey looked serious; what was this mysterious offence for which there could be no pardon? 'Chris,' he said, giving the heaving shoulders a little shake, 'you must tell me what it is; you know father and mother meant you weren't to keep things from me.'

At those names Chris cried the more. 'They'll never love me again.'

'Don't be silly!' said Humphrey,' too anxious to be very patient. 'Tell me directly.'

'Old Harford was down on me about my sums, and he said he knew I could do them better if I liked, and it was all carelessness, and I swore at him.'

'Chris!' said Humphrey, horrified.

'I did; I said dreadful words. I don't know how they came out. So, you see, the head won't forgive me.'

'No, I should think not. Oh, Chris, how could you?'

'I don't know—they came out,' sobbed Chris again.

'However did you learn them?' asked Humphrey, still horrified.

Chris looked at him for the first time; he did not say anything, but Humphrey felt himself blushing to the roots of his hair, and was glad when those troubled eyes were turned from him. The boy's loyal little heart would not accuse his brother; but Humphrey felt he must have been near sometimes, and heard the language he indulged in with Fanshaw.

'Come, Chris, I'll help you to bed; it's no good crying,' he said.

'Whatever will father and mother say?' Chris sobbed more than once before he fell into a troubled sleep.

That was what was in Humphrey's mind as he tossed to and fro, and listened to Chris's restless movements. They had trusted the little boy to him; his father had said he would rather see him dead than going wrong; now he had learnt evil things, and could never again be the innocent little child they had left in his charge. Then came the thought of the punishment the little fellow dreaded so much that he was muttering about it in his sleep. Perhaps he could save him that; he would go to the head-master in the morning and tell him it was really his fault, and he ought to be punished instead. So far it was not the real sin of which he was thinking, and so he put up no prayers for forgiveness; yet, in seeing the hideousness of the sin, he was turning to the right. He had very little sleep that night, and woke unrefreshed, and scarcely bearing to meet Chris's troubled appealing eyes.

Breakfast was not very comfortable. Mr. Harford looked stern and thoughtful, and Humphrey did not like to appeal to him, but it must be done.

'Please sir,' he said, holding back as the others went into the playground, 'may I see the head-master before my brother goes up?'

Mr. Harford had really been troubled to think that one of his little boys should have used such language; now he looked at Humphrey rather doubtfully. 'It is no good your trying to beg him off; such a thing can never be condoned as first offence; you had better let it alone.'

'Do let me see him,' implored Humphrey.

'Very well,' said Mr. Harford, coldly; but he took care to see the head-master first, and lay matters before him. So that when Humphrey went in he found Mr. Trevor looking very stern.

His faltering words were cut short. 'It is no good,' Mr. Trevor said; 'nothing you say will make me excuse Christopher. I am more grieved than I can say when I think that a son of your father should behave so. It only makes me more determined to punish him severely, hoping it will teach him to refrain in future. Yet it cannot make him forget.'

Humphrey was crying bitterly. 'It is my fault,' he said; and then he poured out his story—how he had let himself use such language, not knowing that Chris heard, and that he himself should be the one to be punished.

When he finished there was so long a silence that he looked up. Mr. Trevor's eyes were ablaze with indignation, and he was restraining himself with difficulty. When he spoke he used such scathing, cutting words that Humphrey shrank before them.

'Do you know the sin of teaching evil to a child?' he broke out, 'and one with whom you have been trusted! If your own miserable soul was not worth considering, you might have thought of his.'

Humphrey cowered before the indignant torrent, yet the words were doing him good, stripping off every idea of manliness in using bad language, showing only its ugliness and evil.

When there was a little lull he raised his head. 'Couldn't I be punished instead?' he asked. 'Chris is so little.'

Some tenderness came into the stern face, but Mr. Trevor said, 'No; that should have been thought of before.'

'If only I might bear it instead!' cried Humphrey.

Mr. Trevor put his hand on his shoulder. 'My boy, for Chris's own sake I cannot forgive; just because he is so little and does not realize the wrong, he must be made to see it. Your part will be to feel what you have done. No, I shall not punish you; you will find it hard enough to know that the little one is being punished through your fault. But now, both of you, make this a stepping-stone to higher things, so that even this sad experience may be a blessing. Now go and tell Mr. Harford I am ready for Chris.'

It was a hard task, and Humphrey was turning to go, when the master held out his hand. 'God bless and help you, my boy,' he said; and Humphrey went out comforted.

The brothers had no time for talk that day. There was a cricket match in the afternoon, and everyone was very much excited. Fanshaw came to Humphrey as usual, but the latter told him plainly he would not have much time with him in future, as he wanted to see more of his little brother, and Fanshaw went off disgusted. It may as well be said here that his presence did not trouble Hill House much longer, for the family moved away; so that Humphrey found things made easier than he expected.

He went up to bed that night rather earlier than usual, and found Chris already in bed, not crying, but looking very white and miserable.

'YOUR PART WILL BE TO FEEL WHAT YOU HAVE DONE.'

'Look here, old chap,' said Humphrey, putting his arm round him affectionately, 'we've both gone wrong together; let's try and get right together.'

Chris leaned against him. 'Mother and father,' he faltered.

'I know that's the hardest part; but, Chris, I know it was really I who was to blame, and I shall tell them so. I did tell the head, and he was awfully angry, but so nice afterwards. I've forgotten things, now let's try and remember them together.'

Chris rubbed his head against him. 'Humphie, you are nice.'

'I've been nasty, I'm afraid, but we'll try again. Tumble out of bed, old chap, and let's kneel down.'

Chris obeyed very willingly, and Humphrey put up a short prayer for forgiveness for the past, and strength to do better in future. Then he tucked Chris up in bed, and as he bent and kissed him, the boy's arms met round his neck in a very loving embrace.

It was not very easy to write about, but Mr. Armitage was able to understand a good deal, and sent back a letter which Humphrey still keeps among his treasures, though he is a man now. It really seemed as if after a time Chris quite forgot the bad words, and, if Humphrey could not get them out of his own mind, they remained there as a sad warning, and certainly he never wished to use them.

One of the things Humphrey in his penitence set himself to do was to conciliate Uncle William, and he did it so effectually that when Mr. and Mrs. Armitage came home they found a very good understanding existing between the three.

A Helping-Hand Circle.

(Elizabeth E. Backup in American 'Messenger.')

'My head aches as if it would split, every motion is a pang! I shall have to lie still to-day.' The voice was sweet and patient, although regretful.

'It is too bad, Aunt Susy!' the tone was caressing and pitiful; 'but I will just place this bell within reach and you must ring if you want Margaret.'

'Why, where are you going? I couldn't think of calling Margaret from her work.'

'Oh, I'm full of business as usual,' replied Dora Morton, with rather an important air; 'the "Helping-Hand" meets this afternoon, and I have engaged to buy supplies, so I must go down town this morning. It's too bad you should have a headache on just one of my busiest days.' There was something very like reproach in the tone this time.

'Your days all seem pretty busy,' Miss Morton replied, patiently.

'Auntie does have so many headaches,' Dora thought, as she took her shopping-bag and left the house; 'of course she can't expect me to drop everything for her. The things I do are not for myself, they are for others, and it would not be right to put them aside. Dear me! this is a busy week! To-morrow night is my boys' club, and I've a lot to do in preparation; then there's the Junior Endeavorers, and the mission-meeting Saturday afternoon. I shall just have to be on the rush the whole week;' and with her equanimity fully restored by this summary of her important engagements, Dora hailed a car and gave no further thought to Aunt Susy or her ails.

'Dora is very busy with her various benevolent and other schemes,' thought Miss Morton; 'I just wish she would regard me as an object of charity long enough to give me a little attention when I have one of these racking headaches.'

In the same car with Dora was a gentleman who knew her well. As he lifted his hat in courteous salutation to the bright-faced young girl, he said in a low voice to his companion, 'That beautiful girl is a ministering angel.' This was Dora's reputation outside her own home.

Several members of the 'Helping-Hand' were High School girls, and they were discussing the meeting of the afternoon as they hastened home from school.

'Be sure and be there at three sharp, Floy,' said Sarah Ward.

'Perhaps I cannot, mother may need me.'

'If she wants you to do anything at home just quote Scripture, and she'll let you go early. Say, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor."'

The girls laughed.

'My mother can quote Scripture too;' said Florence, 'and gets ahead of me every time.'

'Then perhaps it isn't safe. However, come as early as you can,' said Sarah.

Florence ate her dinner, and went up to her room without consulting her mother. She soon re-appeared in the dining-room in a fresh gown.

'Where now?' asked Mrs. Gould, in surprise.

'Don't you remember?' said Florence, 'the "Helping-Hand" meets at Sarah Ward's this afternoon.'

Mrs. Gould looked discouraged.

'I wish I could have two helping-hands,' she said, 'I've been on my feet all morning long, and I did hope you would relieve me a little this afternoon.

'I'm sorry,' said Florence, but nevertheless, she put on her hat and hastened away.

'I feel guilty,' said Florence, as after some merry chat the girls cosily settled down with work in hand; 'I left poor mother up to her eyes in work. I do believe I ought to have stayed at home, but I couldn't bear to miss the meeting.'

'Of coruse you couldn't,' said Sarah; 'just think what we've got to do before the sale. Then every cent of the money goes to Miss Smith, and she will use it among the poor,' said Sarah Ward, 'no matter how many home duties I am neglecting.' Sarah had something of a sense of humor.

'If a thing is a duty, oughtn't it to be done, and ought not home duties to come first?' asked Florence, hesitatingly.

'These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone,' flashed across Dora's mind. She had a vision of a patient Aunt Susy with both her hands pressed against her aching head as she had seen her just before leaving home.

'If one lets home affairs continually hinder one's outside benevolent and religious work, they would often put an end to such work,' said Dora.

'And that wouldn't be right,' said Sarah; 'I think home must take a back seat, don't you think so, mamma?' and Sarah turned playfully to her mother who had just entered the room in order to greet her daughter's guests.

'No, I think home deserves better treatment,' said Mrs. Ward, quickly divining the subject under discussion.

'When a girl's mother is all worn out you would favor a girl's staying at home and helping her, wouldn't you, Mrs. Ward?' asked Florence, eagerly; 'or would you think the girl ought to run off to a Helping-Hand Circle and sew on fancy articles for a sale?'

Mrs. Ward smiled at the eager, flushed face.

'I think the tired mother is of more consequence than the fancy articles,' she replied, softly.

'But, listen, mamma,' said Sarah, 'the fancy articles represent flesh and blood too, because every mite we get goes to the poor, miserable mothers and their children, and our homes are so different from these other homes for which we are working.'

'True,' said Mrs. Ward, 'but a member of a "Helping-Hand" should give a helping hand at home first of all; she should not shirk home duties for these others.

'Mother speaks out of the depths of her own experience,' said Sarah; 'the Helping-Hand work has been my favorite excuse for letting something else go.'

'Isn't it something of a misnomer to call a circle "Helping-Hand,"' continued Mrs. Ward, 'if its members fail to give the helping hand in the place where it is needed most of all?'

'Mamma, this is treason!' cried Sarah playfully; 'you are sowing seed that may bear fruit in tardiness, absence, and no end of ill to the Helping-Hand Circle. Shall we fine her, Dora?'

The question was asked in a jesting tone, but Sarah looked rather anxiously towards the president of the 'Helping-Hand,' for Dora's sweet smile had gone, and she sat grave and silent.

'I think you are right, Mrs. Ward,' said Dora, replying with an evident effort; 'perhaps girls are too apt to ignore the home side of this question. I confess I have thought little about it, but it occurs to me that probably Aunt Susy would sympathize with your view of the case.'

Mrs. Ward suddenly felt that perhaps she had spoken too decidedly.

'You know, my dear girls,' she said, in her winning way, addressing the entire circle, 'how hearty is my sympathy with every effort to benefit and uplift others. I have a real affection for this little Helping-Hand Circle, and I rejoice in the good you have done, only do not neglect for this work of love, the work of love at home.'

'Mrs. Ward is just right,' Florence said afterward; 'only this work of love is ever so much more attractive than the work of love at home; for the work at home, means, in my case, washing dishes and the like, and I just dote on fancy work.'

At least two members of the 'Helping-Hand' profited by the conversation that afternoon. Florence hastened home at the close of the meeting. Her mother had begun preparations for supper, and the sight of her weary, patient face smote Florence.

'Mamsey dear,' she said, 'I left you with all the dinner things, now I'll get supper and clear away. My lessons? I must expect to sit up a little later Helping-Hand night. Sit down or, better still, lie down and rest;' and, thus urged, Mrs. Gould lay down upon the lounge, and suffered her daughter to cover her with the robe, and perhaps the kiss that Florence pressed upon the worn but still fair cheek, rested the little mother almost as much as the relief from further labor.

'You oughtn't to do all the ironing every week,' said Florence, that evening; 'it's too much for you. Next Tuesday morning I shall get up early and do a part before I go to school.'

This reform was inaugurated as a permanent measure by this member of the 'Helping Hand' in spite of her fond mother's remonstrances.

Dora Morton went home and directly sought her Aunt Susan. The poor head still ached badly. Dora put on a big apron.

'Let us try the hot-water cure,' she said, and she proceeded to apply hot water compresses until grateful Aunt Susy confessed herself relieved.

'I might have done just this thing before I went down town this morning,' thought Dora, with a remorseful twinge.

Somehow Dora's self-complacent equanimity was quite upset. Mrs. Ward's words haunted her.

'I have been so busy with my boys' club, and the Helping-Hand, and the mission circle, and all the other things, I hadn't even thought that I had a home duty. I've got to think this thing out, or I sha'n't sleep a wink to-night.'

Dora's conscience, when once aroused, was sufficiently exacting.

'The truth is,' she concluded, 'some of this outside work has been at the expense of home interests, and now whatever I do outside I must show a sweeter and more helpful spirit here at home.'

Dora has ripened into a beautiful, 'all-round' Christian character, responsive to every good word and work. She is beloved and respected abroad, but the place above every other where she exerts a strong and helpful influence is in her own home circle. The young woman who is regarded as a 'ministering angel' in her own home has doubtless some genuine claim to the title.

Daisy's Friend.

Entering a street car one day, Mrs. Dyer raised her eyes after she was seated, and, glancing across the aisle, observed a young girl who she at once decided, remembering her daughter's description of her, must be North Winthrop, who was visiting in their neighborhood. Norah was daintily attired and looked the personification of a well-bred young lady, and Mrs. Dyer was pleased to have this opportunity of seeing her unobserved, remembering also her daughter's words that morning in connection with the stranger.

'She is quite the nicest girl I have ever met, mamma,' Daisy had declared enthusiastically. 'She is so cultured and agreeable, in fact a perfect lady, as I am sure you will say when you know her.'

And as Mrs. Dyer watched Norah in a quiet, unobtrusive way, she felt inclined to confirm her daughter's opinion, if appearances counted for anything, when a little incident occurred which changed her views.

A few blocks down, a new-comer entered the car, and recognizing in the woman seated on Norah's right an acquaintance, began talking to her. The seat on Norah's left was vacant, and the newcomer naturally expected the girl would move down and permit her to occupy the place beside her friend. But Miss Norah did nothing of the kind. She sat perfectly still and looked across the aisle and out of the window, and was apparently oblivious to the fact that anyone was expecting a courtesy from her.

'If you please, Miss, would you mind moving down a little? I'd like to sit next my friend.'

Norah did not reply to the question in words, and though she complied with the request, it was done with such bad grace that the woman looked at her before saying, very quietly:

'Thank you.'

There was no response to this from Norah, no gracious bow, no smile, nothing but an aggravated air that seemed to say, as she drew her dainty dress away from the woman's calico:

'You had no business to disturb my comfort.'

Later, when Mrs. Dyer was introduced to Norah and saw the sweet, gracious manner in which she acknowledged the introduction, she could not help contrasting it with her demeanor toward the woman in the street car.

Perhaps it was because of this that her welcome to the stranger was less cordial than the latter wished and hoped for. And assuredly it was for this that she could not confirm her daughter's opinion that Norah was a perfect lady.—'American Paper.'

To license shops that beget murder and then to punish the murderer that the state has begotten is indefensible from a moral point of view.—Willard Parker, D.D.

'What God Hath Wrought.'

THE FIRST TELEGRAPH.

An old telegraph operator who got the story from Professor Morse himself tells the story in the New York 'Sun' of how the success of the great invention was finally assured:

'Professor Morse, having returned from Europe, went at once to Washington, where he renewed his efforts to get his bill passed appropriating $30,000 for the purposes of his new telegraph. Toward the close of the session of 1844, the House took it up and passed it by a large majority, and it only remained for the action of the Senate. Its progress, as might be imagined, was awaited by Professor Morse with the most intense interest and anxiety. There were only two days befo. the close of the session, and it was found, on examination of the calendar, that no less than 143 bills had precedence of it. The inventor had nearly reached the bottom of his purse; his hard-earned savings were almost spent, and, although he had struggled on with undying hope for many years, it is hardly to be wondered at that he felt discouraged and disgusted with the statesmanship of the country as he had known it.

'On the last night of the session he remained till nine o'clock, and then left without the slightest hope that the bill would be passed. He returned to his hotel, counted his money, and found that after paying his expenses to New York he would have 75 cents left. That night he went to bed sad, but not entirely hopeless, for, notwithstanding all his trials and disappointments, confidence in his ultimate success never deserted him. In other words, he knew a good thing when he saw it. The next morning, as he was going to breakfast, one of the waiters informed him that a young lady was in the parlor waiting to see him. He went in immediately and found that the young lady was Miss Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, who had been his most steadfast friend while in Washington.

'"I come to congratulate you, Professor," she said, with sparkling eyes.

'"For what, my dear," replied the Professor.

'"On the passage of your bill. Didn't you know?"

'"Oh, you must be mistaken," said he. "I stayed in the Senate till late last night, and came away because there wasn't any prospect of its passage."

'"Am I the first, then?" she exclaimed, joyfully, "to tell you?"

'"You are, if it is really so," and Professor Morse seemed almost afraid to believe the good news.

'"Well," she continued, "father remained until after adjournment and heard it passed. He told me only a few minutes ago, and I asked him if I could not run over and tell you."

'"Annie," said the Professor, his feelings nearly choking his utterance, "the first message that is sent from Washington to Baltimore shall be sent to you.'

'"Well," she replied, "I shall keep you to your word.'

'While the line was in progress of completion, Professor Morse was in New York, and upon receiving intelligence that it was in working order, he wrote to those in charge, telling them not to transmit any message over it until his arrival. He then came on to Washington and sent a note to Miss Ellsworth, informing her that he was now ready to fulfil his promise, and asking her what message he should send. To this she replied: 'What hath God wrought?' words that I'm sure any young lady ought to be proud of. The message was twice repeated, and each time with great success. As soon as the result of the experiment was made known, Governor Seymour, of Connecticut, called upon Professor Morse and claimed the first message for his State, on the ground that Miss Ellsworth was a native of Hartford. Of course his claim was admitted, and I understand that the Historical Society of Connecticut has the legend displayed among its archives in letters of gold.' —'Ledger.'

Correspondence

Queen, Ill.

Dear Editor,—We take your paper, and could not get on without it. It has so many Christmas pieces in it. I think you have your paper all over the United States, and I hope you have, it is such a good one for little folks. Last year I got a Thanksgiving piece out of it, and the teacher at my school said it was very nice. I like to read Emily's letters. She writes such interesting ones. Please tell Emily to write again.

BERTHA.

Kingsville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think the stories and letters in the 'Messenger' are really nice, mamma reads them to us after we are in bed at night. I think the little folks who read the 'Messenger' would like to see my brother's red squirrel. He had four at one time; but one got away, and two died, now there is only one left. It is fun to see him sit up and nibble nuts, and comb and wash his face, just like a boy or girl, he uses his front feet like hands. We live on a small farm. Four of us go to school and like our teacher very much.

LIBBIE, aged eight.

Mongolia, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the correspondence and the temperance pages the best. For pets I have two hens, four chickens, one old cat and two kittens and a baby brother. I have four brothers and one sister. My baby brother's name is Clifford. He is seven months old.

BERTHA SUSIE, aged eleven.

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and like it very much; and when we get through reading them we used to send them to my aunt that lives up north. But just now I take them to my grandmamma, and when she is finished reading them, my aunt takes them to the hospital.

JAMES, aged nine.

Heathcote.

Dear Editor,—I like going to school very much. I have a cow named Witchie. My cat's name is Kitty Fluffy Pouncer; but we call her Kitty for short. I have two big sisters. This fall we went picking butter-nuts in the swamp by the river. Sometimes we have a picnic at the river side.

MARGARET E., aged nine.

Robinsons Mills, West Virginia, U.S.

Dear Editor,—My mamma has taken the 'Messenger' for ten or twelve years, and she expects to take it as long as she lives. We take several papers, but it is the best of them all. I think the temperance page is the best part of the paper. I live in the oil country. I have one brother named Chester. I can play the violin. I have taken lessons for over a year.

GILBERT, aged ten.

Margaret, P.O.

Dear Editor,—My sister has subscribed for the 'Witness.' Our nearest town is ten miles away; but the Northern Pacific Railway Company have built a railway two miles and a half north of our place, and we expect they will soon have a town built not very far away. I have three brothers and three sisters. Baby is just two months old. We call him Peter.

SCOTT.

Heathcote.

Dear Editor,—I live at Union, which is near the Beaver River. We go out for boat rides in the summer, and it is very pleasant. We have a Royal Crusade in our school, which is very nice.

ANNIE J.

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

Olive, Man.

Dear Editor,—I should have written sooner for we have moved from the North-West to Manitoba. We started on Aug. 17 last. We had two waggon-loads, and travelled over three hundred miles. We had four large horses, two ponies and a dog. We started with two dogs; but one left us and went home to the old place. We saw such nice trees. We thought it was so nice to see a tree; for there are very few to be seen in the North-West. We could only get a small tent, and as there were ten of us, the boys had to sleep under the waggons. Well, we had a good time, and saw lots of prairie chickens, and berries. Sometimes we were tired riding, and we would get out to walk. We started with forty loaves of bread, potatoes, half a bag of ginger snaps, and two large fruit cakes, and six current loaves, two large hams, pickles, cheese, preserves, tea, and sugar. We just had the finest picnic. But we ran out of bread, and had to buy bread and biscuits. The last two days we came through a road that was nothing but hills, there we saw three antelopes, but no houses, until we crossed the Assiniboine River. We expected to cross on the ferry, but as there was no ferry where we struck the river we had to let the horses wade it; but we got through safely, and just as we crossed we struck a good old farmer who invited us to stay and feed our horses, and also get a good old dinner, with potatoes as large as turnips. Then we went on a mile or two further, and reached the end of our journey. We had been two weeks travelling.

CLARA, aged eleven.

Granby, Que.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' in our family more than four years. I have a friend here who is trying to get subscribers for it. I have never read any letters that came from Granby, although there are quite a few who take the 'Messenger' here. I am always glad when Friday night comes, because I get the 'Messenger' then. We take a good many papers, and the 'Witness' and 'Messenger' are the nicest ones, I think. We have a nice academy here. I have one sister, and her name is Daisy, and a brother named Arthur.

ELVIE (aged 9).

Milton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have not any sisters, but have seven brothers, six on earth and one in heaven. My papa is in heaven, too. I have not seen any letters from this place, and thought it would surprise some of my girl friends if, when reading the correspondence, they should see a lettter from me. Milton is quite a large place. We have three churches, a temperance hall, a Y.M.C.A., lots of saw-mills and the largest pulp-mill in Canada. There is a railway that runs between Milton and Liverpool, N.S. A great many tourists come here in summer to catch salmon and trout, and to go to our lovely picnics which we have on the beach. I sometimes write letters to my grandma and aunties, but this is the first letter I ever wrote for a paper. Mamma writes for papers sometimes.

ZELLA FAYE (aged 12).

Farmington, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and two brothers. My sister's name is Lettie, and my brothers' names are Eddy and John. My father is a farmer, and has 21 head of cattle and about 58 sheep. Our home is amongst the hills, and is a very pretty place. There is a brook near, where we catch trout in the summer. Some nice maple trees stand in front of our house. We have a large orchard and raise apples. We have also plum trees. In summer we go to a school which is a mile and a-quarter away.

MABEL.

Mamma's Watch.

'Tick, tick, tick, tick,' said Polly. 'I should like to see inside it; but mamma told me never to touch it. But she would not know!'

But just then Polly remembered that, even though mamma did not see her, it would be wrong to disobey. And so, as Polly was really trying to serve Jesus, she put the watch down, and went to mamma.

'Oh, mamma,' she said, 'I am so

'TICK, TICK, TICK, TICK,' SAID POLLY.

sorry. I forgot that you told me not to touch your watch, and I was just going to try to open it when I remembered.'

'Well, dear,' said mamma, 'we all forget sometimes, though we should always try to remember. But I am glad you told me. Now go and have a nice game in the garden.'—'Our Little Dots.'

The Beautiful Land.

(Louise Marston in 'Word and Work.')

Two tiny boys, Bob and Rob, twins, and so much alike that their own mother does not know one from the other. She is very poor, and finds it hard to support them, let alone bestowing some care on them.

Rob appears to be a musical genius, and hearing, while in the street, a lady sing a beautiful hymn about 'The Friend of Children,' he speedily picked up the tune; and by and by, from the lady herself and her invalid daughter, the words. Having learned several hymns in this way, the little fellows thought they would help mother by singing in the street and getting a few coppers.

'Well, little 'un, it's plain this isn't the part for us to make our fortunes in,' said Bob one day, 'and we'd best be moving on.'

But just at this moment a hand was placed on his shoulder, and he looked up to see who it was who thus accosted him.

The face he saw looking down upon him was one he was not likely soon to forget. It was that of a young girl, but apparently one whose life was nearly ended; in the bright dark eyes was a hungry, restless look, which told of an eager search for something, which plainly the speaker had never found.

'What's that beautiful land, you were singing about, little boy? tell me about it,' she asked eagerly, tightly holding Bob with her thin, wasted hand, as if fearful that he would make his escape before he answered.

For a moment the boy was startled, it was so strange to be seized and questioned like this—and the wild dark eyes of the speaker seemed to be piercing him through. But he quickly recovered himself, for Bob was a matter-of-fact kind of boy, and not easily disturbed.

'The beautiful land, that's where Jesus lives,' he answered, 'and where we're going some day.'

'But how are you going to get there, and how do you know they'll let you in — poor chaps like you?' asked the girl.

The boy thought a minute, and then, with a gleam of light brightening his honest face, he answered, 'I am only a poor boy, as doesn't know much, but I'm just going along with Jesus, and he knows all about the road, I guess. We didn't know nothing at all till the little 'un here learnt a hymn as told us. If you'd like to hear it, come along with us, and Rob here will sing it in the next street.'

'All right,' said the girl, 'only don't go far, because I'm pretty tired now.'

So the strange trio went on in silence; the boys were shy, and their companion seemed to be thinking deeply.

When they had turned into the next street she again put her hand on Bob's shoulder, and gasped out, 'Can't you sing here? I can't get any farther.'

The boys were quite willing, so the girl sat down on a doorstep, while they stood near where she could watch them.

She never moved her eyes from Bob's face as he sang his hymn through, but when it was ended she took Bob's hand and said imploringly, 'Don't go, don't go yet; sit down here, and tell me what it all means. The doctor says I'm dying, he's just told me so, and I must find out how to get there—that place you've been singing about.'

Bob sat down with a look of pity

in his brown eyes. Though he liked to hear about the beautiful land, he had no wish to go there just directly, and he felt sorry for this girl, who seemed so sad and sorrowful. 'Can't you just ask me what it is you want to know? I don't know much myself, but I'll try to tell you.'

'Why, tell me about him you said you were going along with; how can you know anything about him, you haven't ever seen him?' said the girl impatiently.

'I'll tell you what I knows,' said the boy; 'it's just this. I's only a poor ignorant boy as nobody makes no count of, except the little 'un here, and Jesus Christ is just greater than we can ever think, and yet he's my friend, and he's taking me to his house to live along with him.'

'But how do you know all this?' asked the girl again.

''Cos I know a friend means somebody as loves you,' was the answer, 'and I know Jesus Christ loves me. How does I know? Because he came all the way down from his beautiful land to look after me. I know he loves me 'cos he died for me, and because I feel it in my heart here; I can't tell you no more than that.'

'Very well, that will do, and thank you,' said the girl. 'Maybe we'll see each other up there some day. Now, run along.'

Long after she was left alone the girl sat on, and every now and then she repeated the words of the boys —'I know he loves me, 'cos he died for me.' Presently she got up, and walked feebly away.

Two Kitties.

'Oh, mother, what a darling!' cried little Kitty Green with delight, when she saw the tiny kitten which had been sent to her by her grandmother. 'Isn't it a real beauty?'

'Yes, dear,' replied her mother, 'and grannie hopes that you will call it Kitty.'

'Why, that's my own name! There will be two Kitties in one house. Oh, how funny!' and the little girl laughed merrily.

'Yes, you are my Kitty, and this is your Kitty,' answered Mrs. Green, with a smile.

'And I must take as much care of my Kitty as you do of me, mother, must I not?'

'Yes, dear,' was the reply.

Then Kitty held her kitten closer to her, and promised to be very kind to it, and the kitten rubbed its pretty head against her shoulder, and purred its thanks.

It was a very obedient little kitten, and when put to bed by its mistress, in the doll's cradle, it lay quite still with its head beside Dolly's on the pillow, and fell asleep with its paws round Dolly's neck.

Kitty Green soon thought that hers was the dearest kitten in the world, but I am sorry to tell you that she once made her pet feel very sad. One afternoon, when she ran in from school, and found that her Kitty had been playing with her ball of white knitting wool, and had unwound several yards, she was so angry that she caught up the poor little creature and boxed its ears, then she drove it out of the house.

On her way back to the sitting-room she met her mother, and there was a look on Mrs. Green's face which showed plainly that she had seen Kitty's unkind deed, and was very grieved.

Kitty hung her head, and her face got very red, and she sat down on her stool looking rather miserable. 'Mother, my naughty little Kitty has been rolling my ball of wool about,' she said, presently, 'and—and I have punished her.'

'Yes, I know you have punished her,' answered Mrs. Green, gravely, 'and I am very, very sorry, Kitty, for you are to blame for the mischief, not the poor kitten—you deserved the punishment. If you had put your wool away in the box, as I told you to do, your Kitty could not have got it; but you left it on the edge of the table with an end hanging to the floor, so no wonder it was pulled down. I hope you will soon see that you have been very unkind and unjust.'

The little girl hid her face in her hand, and then she burst into tears, and told her mother how sorry and ashamed she felt, then she asked if she might go out and fetch her poor Kitty in.

Well, a few minutes later the little kitten was brought back, and hugged and kissed, and a new red ribbon was found for its neck, and, as Kitty Green tied the bow, she gave Kitty a promise that she would never be so unkind again.—'The Prize.'

A Noble Life.

Many years ago, a boy employed at the Blantyre Print Works, in Scotland, determined that he would somehow obtain an education.

Every leisure hour he had he studied such books as he could obtain, He worked hard at Blantyre factory in summer, harder at Glasgow University in winter, and rose step by step till he became Dr. Livingstone, the missionary and explorer of Africa, whose name as a Christian traveller will live to all ages. When he died, a martyr for civilization and Christianity, a nation sorrowed for him as for one who could never be replaced.—'Buds of Promise.'

The Children's Message.

(M. B. C. Slade in the 'Standard.')

I've been thinking, little sisters, if
a heathen child should be
Hither brought from some lone islet
in the far-off southern sea,
And should ask why summer garlands deck our house this wintry
day,
Why we seem so glad and happy,
Annie, dear, what would you say?

I would tell the lovely story of the
Babe of Bethlehem;
How they laid Him in the manger,
when by night He came to them;
I would tell how Mary dressed Him,
and, with soft and fragrant hay,
I think the manger-bed she made,
where baby Jesus lay.

I would tell that gentle shepherds,
watching o'er their flocks by
night,
Saw, suddenly around them, the
shining glory-light,
And heard the angel's tidings about
a Saviour's birth,
And then the heavenly chorus,
'Good will and peace on earth.'

I'd tell the wondrous story about
the guiding star,
That led the holy wise men from
eastern lands afar,
Until they found sweet Mary, and
Jesus-child with her,
And gave Him precious presents—
gold, frankincense and myrrh.

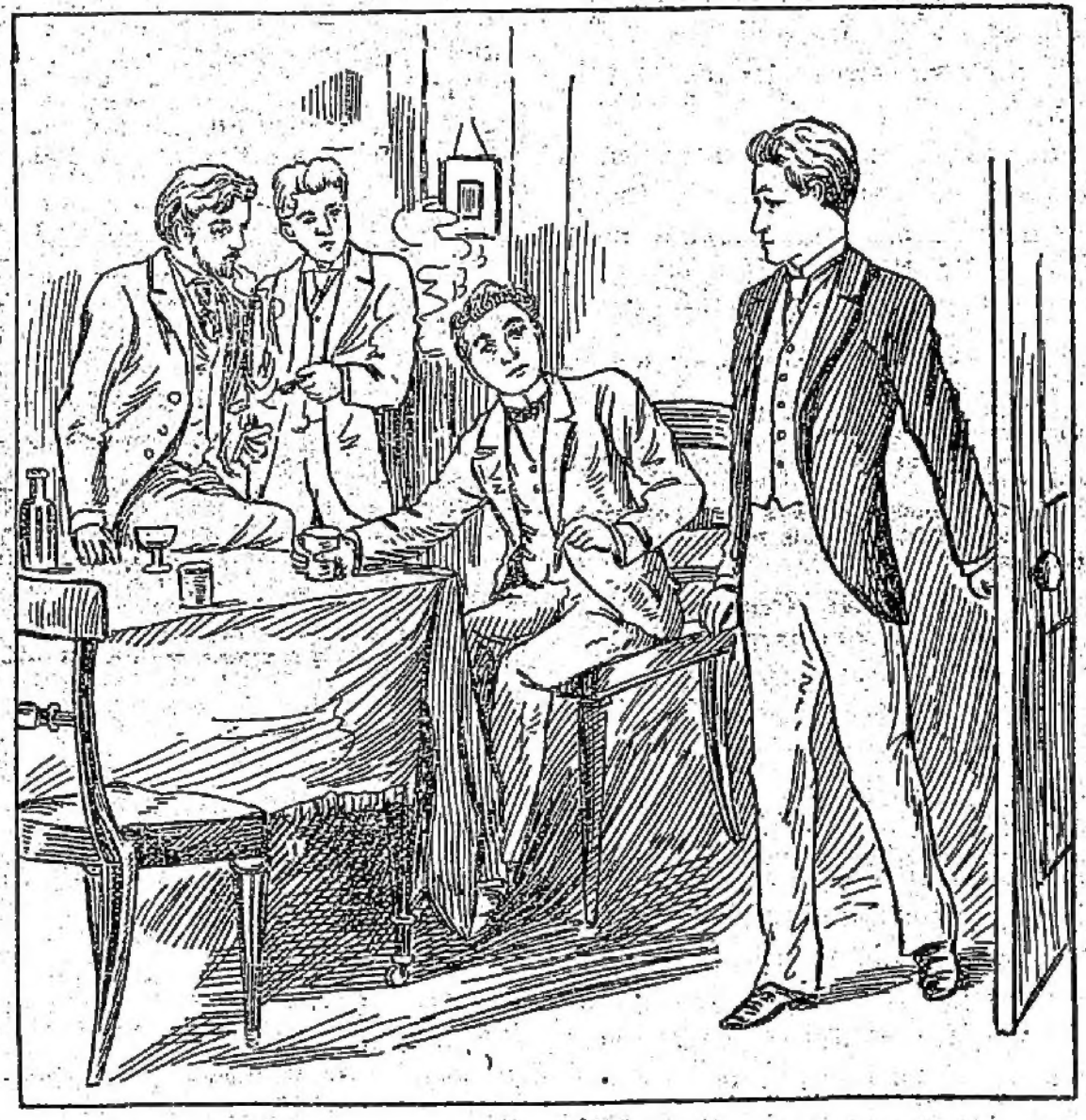
Then I would tell how Jesus, this
little, blessed child,
Grew up to perfect manhood, holy,
pure, and undefiled;
How, living, serving, dying, Himself for us He gave—
He loved us so He lived and died,
our souls from sin to save.

Then to the little heathen child I
think that I would say,
'Don't you think that we have shown
you why we love the Christmas
day?
Don't you see we must be happy,
and our happy gladness show,
Upon the birthday of the One who
blessed and loved us so?'

And then we all would promise the
heathen child that we
Would send the knowledge of His
love to lands beyond the sea.
Till all the world shall Christmas
keep, rejoicing for His birth.

'Be a Man!'

'You'll find it hard at first, my boy, but what would we think of the soldier who deserted his post because it was dangerous?' Jim Harding's father had said, when he left his son to face the world for the first time for himself; and to-night the lad was realizing the truth of these parting words. A fellow-student had invited him and some others to his rooms that evening. There was plenty of lively talk and laughter, for they were all young, and full of hope and high spirits. There was abundance of another kind of spirits too, and unexperienced Jim was astonished to see how quickly the whisky and soda disappeared. At first no special notice was taken of his refusal to share the 'good cheer,' but as the lads began to grow a little excited, they pressed him more and more urgently to partake,



'BE A MAN!'

while good-humored jokes changed to angry taunts and jeers. Jim was feeling that he would be wiser to go, that it would be no deserting his post to leave now, when Allan Mackay, a bright-faced lad next him, pushed a brimming glass towards him, saying a little unsteadily:

'Come, Harding, take it up!—Be a man!'

'Be a man!' repeated Jim, looking round at the flushed faces, 'Yes—but what kind of a man?'

There was a pause, and then an older man said, with a jeering laugh:

'And what wonderful kind of man do you propose to be? Who is your model, my young saint?'

At any other time Jim might have answered, 'My father,' and a brave example and a good model it would have been, but now, as if some other voice were speaking through him, 'The Man Christ Jesus' were the words that came from his lips.

A startled silence fell. He rose and went quietly away. Mackay presently followed him, in spite of the shouts of his comrades, who were recovered from their surprise.

'What kind of a man?' The question rang through heart and conscience as he hurried along the dark streets. The slamming of a door startled him. He was passing a low public-house. A man was staggering out, a woman supporting him. The gas-light fell full upon the woman's grey hairs, on the haggard despair of her face, and on the sodden face of the drunkard, where the signs of youth were fast disappearing before the tokens of degrading excess.

'Can't I help?' exclaimed Allan, impulsively, as the man lurched heavily forward.

The woman looked surprised, as if she had grown unused to sympathy.

'No; he'll be quiet with me, but he might get noisy with a stranger,' she said, dully. Then in a sudden burst of anguish, as she looked at Allan's fresh face, 'He's my son, and oh, it's not so long since he was just like you!'

They disappeared in the darkness, but Allan stood still, horror-struck. There was one kind of man he might be! Why should he escape more than that broken-hearted mother's son?' Would he risk it?

'Never!' he cried out; 'God help me, never!' while that other wonderful possibility, the Great Example, rose up before him like a light shining in a dark place—'The Man Christ Jesus.' There was his goal.

He would go to Jim Harding. He would help him They would stand together.

And stand together they did, through life's trials and temptations, shoulder to shoulder, a blessing to themselves, their homes, and all around.

Boys and girls, what are you going to do with the life before you?

What kind of a man, what kind of a woman, will you be?—'Adviser.'

Killed By 'Old Tom.'

The first thing that caught the eye on entering the Penfold's cottage was the mantelshelf, on which stood six gin bottles. They were without corks, which spoke of their being empty. The label 'Old Tom,' was on each of them, and the following inscription was printed, framed, and hung over the mantelshelf:—

'Jane Penfold, aged six years,
Thomas Penfold, aged four years,
Mary Penfold, aged five years,
James Penfold, aged seven years,
Frank Penfold, aged nine years,
William Penfold, aged eight years,
Children of Richard and Emily Penfold, all killed by 'Old Tom.'

Many a time each day, Richard Penfold would read the words as he sat in solitude in his arm-chair by the fireside. There were no sons and daughters to cheer him, no patter of little feet, no grandchildren to climb on grandfather's knee; these pleasures that might have been were all sacrificed long years ago. The story written over the mantelshelf was only too true, the six children had all died from neglect, for both the parents had been slaves to drink.

It was Richard Penfold's self-inflicted punishment to have the cause of his children's death always before his eyes. Long years ago both he and his wife had signed the pledge and kept it; but Mrs. Penfold lived but a short time after the death of her children.

Old age, that should be so calm and peaceful, with earth's journey nearly ended, in Richard Penfold's case was filled with sorrow and remorse. The still, small voice of conscience would make itself heard in hours of quiet thought. Some people said that trouble had clouded his mind a little. Oh, what a warning to the weak and tempted to fight with all their might the terrible foe of drink!

Once in the net of intoxication, how difficult it is for a man to get free! He may struggle and struggle in vain, and even if in later years he gives it up there is a miserable retrospect behind.—'British Workman.'

'Cigarettes the Cause.'

The school board of Santa Ana found that for some reason the boys in the public schools were nowhere nearly as proficient in their studies as the girls, and an investigation was instituted to discover the cause, whether the boys were being neglected by their teachers, or whether a lack of discipline was chargeable with the fact that the boys were not doing well. The investigation was had, and it was found that ninety percent of the boys between the ages of twelve and fifteen years, who attended the public schools, smoke cigarettes. The investigation did not require to be pushed any further. It is sufficiently well known that cigarette-smoking blunts the intellect as well as undermines the constitution, and if ninety percent of the Santa Ana boys stay with the habit, ninety percent of the Santa Ana boys will be failures in life, and no help for it.'—Palo (Cal.) 'Mail.'

A Serious Handicap.

The boy who spends his money for beer, wine, whiskey, or tobacco, saddles upon himself an appetite which can never be fully gratified without most seriously endangering his life, and is quite sure, if he lives until he is fifty or sixty years of age, to spend a sum of money which would give him a comfortable home. Many a householder and farmer has slowly but surely spent his money for the above poisons until his property has had to be sold to pay his debts—a sad day for him and his family. Boys and young men, do you want to follow in the footsteps of such? If you do not, keep away from the saloons, and let intoxicating drinks and tobacco alone. 'Touch, not, taste not, handle not.' The boy or young man who commences spending his money for tobacco or intoxicating drinks, as a rule, handicaps himself for life, and poverty and sorrow very frequently result. It is very easy to get into the habit of using such poisons, but it is very difficult to get out, for they enslave mind and body, and not a few have been driven to despair by the lash of suffering which follows an attempt to regain freedom. Boys and young men, strive towards a noble manhood; do not become slaves; let intoxicating drinks and tobacco alone. Such poisons are not necessary, they will do you no good. You will enjoy much better health, and, as a rule, will live longer without than with them, as has been abundantly demonstrated by statistics. Our railways, our steamboats, and even our manufacturing establishments are beginning to find that they must have young men absolutely free from such habits for responsible positions, especially where life and property are at stake.—'National Temperance Advocate.'

A gentleman who recently died in London at the age of seventy, had been a smoker since he was seventeen. During that time he kept a diary, in which he recorded that he had smoked 328,713 cigars, 43,639 of which were gifts. Those he paid for cost him $20,850.—'Union Signal.'

LESSON III.—Jan. 15.

Christ's First Miracle.

John ii., 1-11. Memory verse, 11.

Golden Text.

'And his disciples believed on him.'—John ii., 11.

Home Readings

M. John ii., 1-11.—Christ's first miracle.
T. Mark vii., 1-9.—Customs of purifying.
W. Luke vii., 16-23.—Miracles, proofs of authority.
Th. John x., 31-42.—Evidence of divinity.
F. Luke xxiv., 13-18, 25-32.—Good company.
S. Rev. iii., 14-22.—A visitor.
S. John xvi., 25-33.—Do ye now believe?

The Story.

Three days after the calling of the first disciples, Jesus and his followers arrived in Cana in Galilee, about nine miles north-east of Nazareth, where there was a wedding-feast being held. Mary, the mother of Jesus, was already there, and Jesus and his friends were invited also.

It was probably a very humble household and the young bridegroom had not provided sufficient wine for the feast. Mary told Jesus that more wine was needed expecting that he would help in some way. But Jesus with infinite love and tenderness signified to Mary that she must no longer seek to exercise a mother's authority over him, for the hour is about to come when he shall prove himself the Son of God. And Mary, pained by the thought of separation, yet blessed by the loving tenderness of the Son of man, turns to the servants with overflowing heart and bids them do whatsoever Jesus shall tell them.

Now there stood at the door six common stone jars for water used for washing, these held twenty or thirty gallons each. Jesus told the servants to fill them with water and they filled them up to the brim. And behold, the water was become wine. At Jesus' bidding the servants carried the new wine to the steward or master of the feast who tasted it with pleasure and wonder that there could be such good wine left.

But the servants who had drawn the water knew who had turned it into wine, and the disciples saw in this first miracle the manifesting of God's glory in his Son and they believed on him.

Lesson Hymn.

How welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall,
To bless the marriage day.

And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side,
Bade grief and ill depart.

His gracious power divine,
The water-vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine,
The wondering servants drew.

O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above,
That ne'er shall pass away.

—Hymns A. and M.

Suggestions.

Mary did not appeal to our Lord for a miracle, but most likely she was accustomed to receiving the aid of his quick thought and judgment in all matters, and calling him aside she informed him of this difficulty which to the Oriental lovers of hospitality would seem a real calamity.

The term 'woman' was one of respect and honor, from henceforth Mary must understand that she stands to Christ only in the same relation as do all other women who love him (Matt. xii., 50). As well might a man worship his own good mother as to worship the mother of Jesus. For our Lord himself said that it was more blessed to hear the word of God and to obey it than to have had the great honor that Mary had had. (Luke xi., 27, 28.)

'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.' This command has been quaintly termed the 'gospel according to Mary.' If those who ignorantly worship Mary as God would only obey this, her only recorded command, they would study the bible to find out the will of the Lord, and with the study would come knowledge and peace.

The water-pots were common things in every day use, but Christ used them, and through them manifested his glory. Christ can still use the common every day things and manifest his glory through us.

The wine that Jesus made was the pure fresh juice of the grape. We can no more suppose that the Lord of life would give his friends poison to drink in the shape of fermented wine, than we can suppose that he would give them decayed meat. St. Augustine pointed out that every year God turned the spring and summer rains into the rich purple juice of the autumn grape—the same miracle as was performed so suddenly at Cana. But God has no more to do with the fermentation and decay of grapes than with that of any other fruit or vegetable.

The Bible Class

'Marriage'—Matt. xxii., 2-13, 30: Isa. lxii., 2-4; liv., 5: Rev. xix., 7-9.

'Mother'—Deut. v., 16: Psa. xxvii., 10: Prov. i., 8: Isa. lxvi., 13: Matt. x., 37: Mark x., 29, 30.

'Whatsoever'—Gal. vi., 7: John xiv., 13: Phil. iv., 8: Col. iii., 17, 23: I. Cor. x., 31: I. John iii., 22; v., 4.

'Water'—John iii., 5; iv., 10-15: Eph. v., 26, 27. I. John v., 6-8: Rev. vii., 17; xxii., 1, 17.

'Servants'—Psa. xxxiv., 22: Matt. xxiii., 11; xxv., 21: Eph. vi., 5, 6: Phil. ii., 5-9.

Questions.

1. What disciples accompanied Jesus to Cana?
2. Why did Jesus not address Mary as mother?
3. What command did Mary give the servants?
4. What miracle did Jesus then perform?
5. What effect had this miracle upon his disciples?

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

Jesus attended a marriage feast, and thus honored innocent mirth. Verses 1, 2: Eccles. iii., 12.

Jesus without the wine is infinitely better than the wine without Jesus. Verse 3.

Obedience is the test of discipleship. Verses 4-8.

Wine made entirely of water will neither intoxicate or nauseate. Verses 9, 10.

Jesus' first miracle was a wonderful exhibition of his glory, and increased his disciples' faith. Verse 11.

C. E Topic.

Where am I going? Psa. cxix., 57-64.

Junior C. E.

What lessons can we learn from Christ's boyhood? Luke ii., 40-52.

Personal Appeals To Scholars

In well-organized Sunday-schools connected with churches, a large percentage of those uniting with the church on confession of their faith, are from the Sunday-school. But more scholars might be brought to confess Christ, if teachers would talk to them plainly and faithfully about this duty. There are teachers who, in charge of classes for years, have never pressed the matter of decision for Christ upon their scholars. A noteworthy illustration of this was given by the late William Reynolds, who used to tell the following story concerning himself. One Sunday a strange minister conducted service at the church attended by Mr. Reynolds. The minister said to him, 'Are you a Sunday-school teacher?' 'Yes; I have a class of girls.' 'How long have you taught them?' 'Some two years.' 'How many of them are Christians?' 'I do not know.' 'What!' said the minister, 'you have had a class of girls two years, and do not know how many of them are Christians? You need to be prayed for.' Then the minister at once set about supplying the need by beginning an earnest prayer that this teacher might bring his scholars to Christ. Mr. Reynolds could not doubt the appropriateness of the petition, but he thought the manner and time of offering it ill-judged. He said to his wife, 'That man takes too much interest in my business,' and he reported the actions of the strange minister. But the wife answered, 'Don't you think he was about right?' Mr. Reynolds could not deny this when his wife put the question.

But the strange minister did not stop. When another opportunity offered, he said, 'Don't you think you might lead some of your scholars to Christ the very next time you meet them in class?' 'I don't know that I could,' was the somewhat unwilling answer. 'Then you need to be prayed for again.' Was not this a strange minister? And forthwith he began an earnest prayer that this teacher might have faith to believe that his scholars could be brought to the Saviour immediately. Mr. Reynolds was convicted. He determined to make the effort at the first opportunity. He said to one of his scholars, 'Don't you wish to be a Christian?' Tears sprang to the girl's eyes, showing that her heart was touched, and the other girls seemed to be in a responsive mood, for the answer came, 'Oh, Mr. Reynolds! we have been waiting two years for you to ask that question, and wondered why you didn't ask it before.' It did not take long to lead those seeking souls to the saving Christ. It seems strange to us that such an efficient and conecrated worker as William Reynolds should have been two years in learning that lesson. But have you learned it in all the years of your Sunday-school work? If a teacher does not long for the conversion of his scholars, or if he does not have faith that they may be converted, and so teaches for years without asking this straight question, 'Are you a Christian?' or 'Would you not like to be a Christian?' surely he need not go far to seek for the reason of his failure in winning souls.—'Sunday-school Times.'

The Teacher's Conditions.

(Dr. Kitteredge in 'Sunday School Times.')

There are two indispensable conditions to success as a Sunday-school teacher. The first is some degree of spiritual experience as a child of God; for, if we know nothing ourselves of the riches of grace, we certainly cannot teach others concerning them; and the second condition is a purpose to avail ourselves of all the means within our reach of a thorough understanding of the truths of each lesson.

Were these conditions insisted upon, the number of teachers might be and probably would be lessened, but the power of the Sunday-school work would be greatly advanced, and our schools would become more than they are to-day, the nurseries of the church. For the teacher has but one mission, and that mission is not to keep the class quiet, not to interest the scholars so that they will come again, but to educate them in Bible truths, and so to help them to understand the letter which the heavenly Father has written for their spiritual guidance and comfort and strength. Therefore the teacher must first have a clear comprehension of the truths hidden in each lesson, and this can be gained only as the result of hard study; for the Bible is like a mine, where the precious ore can be extracted only by digging down into the rocky mountain. Such preparation takes time and earnest thought, but it pays richly in personal joy, as well as in power of instruction.

Absent Scholars.

For keeping up the numbers in a school, nothing is more important than looking after the absentees. It will not increase much, or hold its own, if those who are induced to come do not stay in. If a scholar is absent for two or three Sundays, and no one seeks to learn why, his inevitable conclusion is that it makes no difference to teacher, superintendent, or any one else if he does stay out. If, however, he gets a visit from his teacher, or a note of inquiry from him expressing the hope that he is not sick, with a request to let him know, in some way, if he is, that scholar will have the comfort of feeling that he is missed, and in nine cases out of ten will hasten back. There is a good deal of human nature in a child. Study yourself if you would know how to deal with him successfully.—'Pilgrim Teacher.'

Kind acts find a dozen friends before kind wishes get an introduction.—'Ram's Horn.'

HOUSEHOLD.

How the Scarlet Fever May Be Spread.

Prof. W. M. Williams gives the following experience as to the spread of scarlet fever: One of his sons went for a holiday to a farm where his family had often gone for their holidays. At the end of two weeks he was attacked with scarlet fever. On inquiry it was found that the cowboy had been ill with the disease (a light attack), and went to milking before the process called scaling of the skin was complete. Prof. Williams's son had been drinking freely of the milk, and no doubt drank of the germs which had fallen into it from the cowboy's hands and mulitplied there by growth. The other inmates drank only home-made beer, or tea and coffee, the latter of which were hot enough to kill the few germs taken in the small amount of milk used as a seasoning. Had the milk been sent to the city for consumption, no one can tell how many people would have suffered from it. Diphtheria and typhoid fever have been spread in the same way. The lesson is, be careful how you use milk when these diseases are in the home. 'Journal of Hygiene.'

Ironing With the Clothes-Wringer.

An authority on domestic economy advises the housekeeper of limited means to save her fire and strength, and to do as much ironing with the clothes-wringer as possible. Plain pieces, like towels, pillow-cases, sheets, merinos, and stockings, put through the wringer, will be smooth enough for all practical purposes, if the rollers are tight. Time is often wasted in sprinkling, folding, unfolding, ironing, and airing a lot of white goods.

A Buttonhole Hint.

If cloth is loose in texture or ravels easily, when cutting buttonholes soften the edge of a conveniently-sized piece of glue, and rub over the surface.

Selected Recipes.

White Cake—Cream three cupfuls of sugar with one cupful of butter, add three and one-half cupfuls of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one half-cupful of sweet milk; mix well, flavor with extract of almond. Beat the whites of eight eggs, and add, turn into a greased cake-mold, and bake one hour; when cool, ice.

Onion Soup—Lady Constance Howard says in 'Everybody's Dinner Book,' 'This soup is so invigorating that it is food, meat, and drink, in one, and is simply quite invaluable where people are suffering from overwork and worry, and in cases of sleeplessness a basin taken after getting into bed generally produces sleep.' The soup is Aunt Dinah's Onion Soup. Ingredients: half a pound of onions; one pint of milk, two ounces of butter. Fry the onions in a saucepan with the butter; season, stir in the milk, and boil; then strain through a colander and serve in a tureen.

Renew.

In the last issue of the 'Northern Messenger,' a circular and envelope was enclosed to all the subscribers whose term of subscription ends Dec. 31. We would like to have all the envelopes returned well filled with new subscriptions from the old friends of the 'Messenger.' All those who have not yet renewed for 1899 will please notice this reminder and have the renewal mailed promptly, and avoid the loss of any numbers.

The premium list offers splendid inducements this year for new subscriptions, and we would ask you to examine it before remitting.

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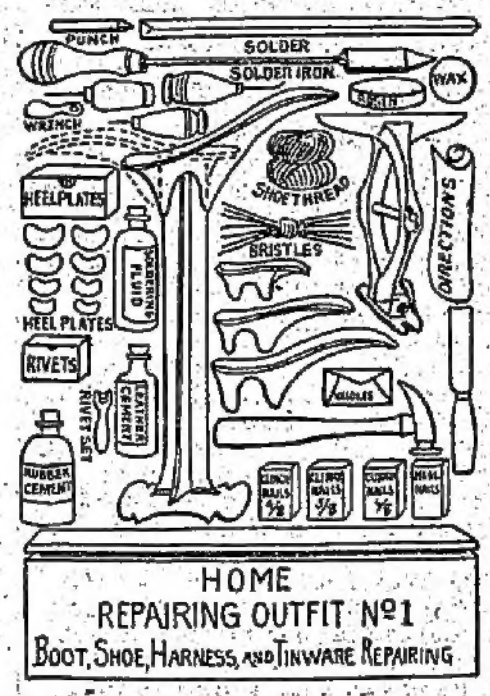
1 Box Resin,
1 Bottle Soldering Fluid,
1 Copy Directions for Halfsoling, etc.
1 Copy Directions for Soldering.



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